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There was a time when I lost myself. Amidst the hubbub, the din of modern thoughts, existential metaphysicalism and the post modernity of a future tense. You saved me as you always do, like a driving force, moving and motioning towards an ocean from forested mountain, overlooking a shimmering beautified smile in its most awesome majesty. That place, that heavenly scene you and I will call home; as with us all. That sea of rising and falling, that place of absoluteness and still, silent steadiness.

In that place the elemental particle world, where all energy goes to fulfil its final role amidst a journey of disharmonious equilibrium is where we all go one day. There is no hate in any community that is so great, greater in any circumstance than that of a division. In its rawest sense, a community divided is disharmonious; and lacks the efficacy to propel itself as it is likely occupied on multiple fronts, against itself. Rather than predicting catastrophe or engineering social revolt at the cost of the powers that be, I felt it prudent to say a few words about identity that should never be taken, regardless of class, faith, belief in econometrics of fear of loss due to long held political or social ideals in the architectronics of civilisation.

Regardless of this series of facts, time and again, a series of common threads that builds up over time as a result of what

apparently becomes a nascent public conversation about issues that namely are private issues (regarding a persons home life and the very same freedoms that are daily and almost completely unenforceably infringed) relating to reputational image and the damage caused by the use of words. The nature of this division as pointed out in a tone that is both clear, caring and compassionate is a form of at times tolerable intolerance and societal level bias that over time grows to be the (rather than solely singular but widespread and endemic) cause of remarkable distaste. Over time, the words we use become a direct reflection of our actions and the actions of multiple generations; of the sentiments we allow, both within and outside of our own individual and collective consciousness respectively. As such, an individual is driven within society, through the use of words to lose their life through lack of a moral counter of self defence.

social reasoning behind the nature of an idea, a supreme, and more than that, a tolerant and almost constitutional ideology that enshrouds and surrounds a war for peace.

Now, if this place exists, it is old as time and the first black hole; this garden of self consuming sun, time and spacial matter at the very core of our galaxy and almost every galaxy, with multitudinous exceptions. All of this of which would exist in a closed universe of light, heat, spatial matter and all manner of lost universal space unseen by human eye. The truth is, any number of billions of the stars, from the light surveyed at night could be deadened spaces in which our universe is being mined like a military battlefield of which our species on this planet, humanity, has not even conceived of as a consumption of spacial matter.

Despite these facts, there is still very little that can be done to make amends for leading a life to ruin. All members of a community through their daily lives (of which sacrifice and dedication / re:dedication to a common goal) leads to an emotional conduct in both public and private fields such that rather than succumbing to the evils of an age, one becomes something greater than at first thought. This is the ethical and

Now, this alternate closed dimension is the power that once resided, a force so awesome, so powerfully great that once it deigned itself Architecture Construction Lead in the founding, forming and naming of a civilisation with streets, culture, fashion and hygiene, furniture and street furniture could be god, or time or an alternate version of us from a future past present, being non linear in the power oscillating loop, like a generator within a power cell. A tool, fashioned out of resources we haven't even discovered the value of. An example being the Gold on the moon and every known mineral and a likely multitude of unknown, dense particles; lattices, structures and the remnants of potential

civilisations and long since deceased creatures as with the dinosaurs; leaving plenty of further resources.

Who wants to go to space?

Not so fast; Einstein from an early age, simply read, becomes a part of the genius to be. Forever searching for a legitimate chance to create a Multiverse Inverter that works on multiple levels (all phases of the multiphase universe) with time pooling and forward momentum being strongest at the points that join the universe to where the light and energy coalesce in equilibrium and

harmonious states that can be reversed through alternate circumstellar motion.

Imagine a gravitation wave or field so powerful, the earth and all the other planets from Mars to Uranus and Saturn etc. plus the solar entity at the core of our solar system could be drawn from their positions in space with the aid of an attractor wave synthesised such that they allowed the solar system to continue spinning. What use would this be to the entirety of humanity and what ramifications would this have for the people of this solar system as it grows and flourishes?

As previously asked, who wants to go to space, first, study everything. What you know dictates the future, your future in space and how you interact in space dictates how close you can get to a black hole to fire a satellite equipped with the latest technology. This would include the latest mass manufactured all-purpose scientific analysis and data researching suites in communications technology as with a current technological mandate for scientific research with which futurism will allow in modernity.

Part II – The Rage of Lovers : Choir of
Obsidian

A Play

The Rage of Lovers: Choirs of Obsidian

A play

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Salvation of House Religion-Time [acting as Narrator in Chief] : Out of the rose, this rose in hand, cometh the flood of Times Shadow past present; towards the future of another eternity borrowed and limited not. Where once by briar and thorn eternal, a house and lineage is born of the duplicity of an image. Whereupon, with shield pointed heavenward, a scene is met with furious scene; of savagery clash of shield on opposing shield. This is the tale, the first and only of Dystopic Armageddon in which all manner of good and evil are met through open arms unsavoury.

All this for a dark, soulless creation of the products of warfare. It is here that we set our scene laid bare for the elucidation of an unprepared stream of time. In the beginning of all things in dignity as with rage, our characters, both, seeking armour of a forgotten age and raceless, wordless features; eyes blackened by the starless foundation that composed their winged footsteps on maidens rose petals.

With choral song, pre-destruction and deconstruction of a scene of which tentative arrogance is shown as an arrow met through open arms unsavoury and held in hands which distract armless guardians. And so, the honour of a welcome birth becomes the misery of an open hearth in which the devices of destruction and equal construction become the vices of reparation and reconstitution. Where class in boundary sheath is held to bitter thoughts of lovers lost and slain for glory and the carnage of corruption through coinage fair, though untrue wings of desire might meet the swordsmen and shields of the

defenders. This is the tale of Love and War; ultimately the tale of Love and her child Peace. For as her arrows fly and shadows fall only to be caught by the skeletal curse of a darkened time, an age of discourse and armour rather than amour, we begin with the wrathful vengeance and consumption of Radiation of House Gravitation en masse.

Picture our scene laid by the smoke of a towering inferno. This is our alter, the end of the onslaught. But there is one final hope; hope, that the words with their connotations and meanings in which a monolithic plume of smoke calls to an engineer overrun as the keeper of star and light alike. This tale is the tale of usurpation and emancipation, freedom and liberty in war; a question of a kingdom in a realm unknown, in it's complexity, the acts of a winged toga and the floral crown as discarded, with golden sandals. It is this, the rage of lovers and the choirs of Obsidian.

Act I : Scene I

Salvation of House Religion-Time [acting as Narrator in Chief] : Our scene is set on a rocky cliff, facing a raging sea is a mob of angry faces; Mankind, prince and heir to a throne of his future king and father. Mankind, who stands with back to sea, facing the mob is witnessed herein prior to his salvation from a great fall from rocky cliff of the land, the very edge of reality at the edge of all life, at the dawn of war and the end of all things.

{enter Mankind Prince of the Realty and son of the Houses of Time and Religion amidst a mob kept at bay by his empty arms and protestation}

Mankind : This woman is guilty of no wrong doing, other than upholding the laws of this land and *every* land.

Spokesperson I of the Populii General : But in allowing her to live, we are upholding every law and not that which is sovereign in this place.

Spokesperson II of the Populii General :

Kill her, thus I beswear, tonight we shall see them, the enemy of old hanged by the legion of laws set as an example of constitution old, in which even your majesty is bound.

Mankind : My father and liege, heir to a throne I have never known to be lacking in mercy or truth, wisdom nor guidance of the fruits of good should most certainly face this cold crowd lacking in passion. All who face me fear little bar the emotionless slaughter of the daughter of an enemy to the state. We are at war, of war we are born; we live and we die for peace in all peoples and nations. If there was a folly, let it be on my head, by my tongue I forswear, seeing the danger in continuing this.

Mankind [internally; addressing audience] : Divine us! Divine us, I plead! As your leader, give me a sign; be my conscience. My voice is carried by the wind as with the tide. For

faith is hope of a lantern. From north it approaches, whilst to the south a ship equally travels. This mob grows steady and weary of my advances to this woman in innocence. I fear her beauty should not be her price for life, she is a princess.

Mob spokesperson III : My good lord, Prince of the lands Realty and Universal Time Absolute; give us the woman I implore you my liege. Sire she is not of our people, surely you must see she is a spy!

Mankind : I see a lantern in the distance. A messenger approaches.

Act I : Scene II

[Enter the Guardians of the realm with messenger on horseback]

Recoil of the House Gravitation : Your highness, I address you and the subjects of my liege's kingdom equally as both servant and 'lord protector' of the woods, lakes and

lands of this place, our shared home within the confines of a border. This light, this autumnal harrowing wind borrowed from the very leaves that lead us to this point.
[whispers] Give me strength!

Ra of House Gravitation : Majesty, what have we to speak freely of, where there is no compassion in the people? You are free to love in secret as with in public with consent from your father of whom we three riders have approached our leader of common sense with hope for the future. She is the Rose, her petals lay picked and discarded as with the footsteps of the cherubim.

Recoil of House Gravitation : The wind stirs as with the will of you father. He has requested your presence sire!

Act I: Scene III

[Lord Recognisance hidden behind the mob and the princes view shouts whilst clapping and whistling]

Lord Recognisance of House Gravitation :

My Lord Prince, my fellow servants and Guardians of the Law and my subjects, the protected peoples of our land(s). This spy executee is our princess-to-be, a lady in waiting who awaits the mercy of her prince.

Mob spokesperson IV : I spied her with an encampment of soldiers Lord; their ship sails at night this very night an army approaches.

Mankind : My love! My betrothed, listen not to the folly of those who know not, but regard these words if thee are my own, my dear Love. We are saved, stay close to me.

Constance of House Gravitation : My liege, I implore you! Lords and ladies of our homeland and Kingdom of the Realty, Universal Constructs one and all! I appreciate our good prince's words. Here, his armourless, swordless gestures to protect the enemy and his unborn child in time of war.

Lady Constance : Here our prince, saviour of the past and leader in hope to the future, I address in your loves final moments. Prepare this sword I hand you to spill her blood.

Recoil of House Gravitation : What is this madness, stop and show your loyalty before it is too late.

Lady Constance: I am of noble birth, born free and free I resign my efforts to spare this, our kingdom from shame, even now, he refuses my sword. My sword it lays, knocked from my hand. You all see this, this corruption, my assumed folly. I am cut and on my knees I beg for an ego-less return of honour to us, the people of your land. Save us and kill her. Kill the child. Kill the child! Kill the child!

Mob : Kill the child! Kill the child!

Act II : Scene I

[Enter solitary Salvation as narrator]

Salvation of House Religion : Mankind has vanished, banished from the Realty through violence. The Guardians three of House Gravitation over-run. Hope like a flame is extinguished.

[Exit all bar Salvation of House Religion-Time]

As our scene unfolds, the duplicitous and conniving Constance, Lady liege of House Gravitation – Engineering, born of high stock, but voiceless; her words of little to no consequence in counsel begins the eternal war of the shadows. Usurper and treasonous leach, villainous. Murderer and soldier alike, most foul, but belloved; for she is of the people, sister to the leader of House Gravitation. She pushes the Love of Mankind from the ledge of the cliff and prepares to march on the palace of the King with the mob in tow.

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